The Commonweal

September 9, 1949

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Panama Canal Prospect

Arthur Stanley Riggs

Employer With Ideas

Will Lissner

Thoreau And the State

C. Carroll Hollis

VOLUME L

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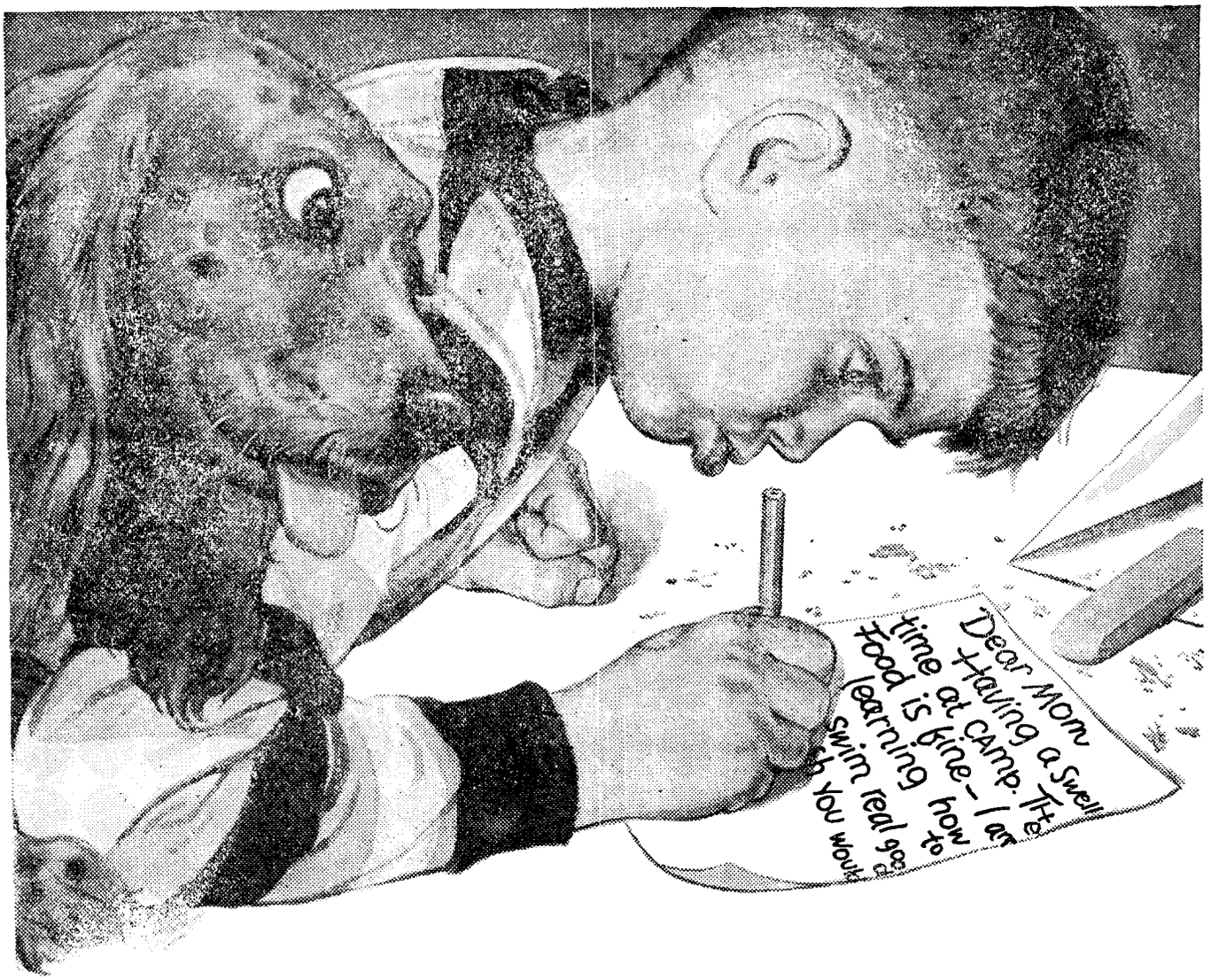

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The
COMMONWEAL

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New Austerities vs. Loss of Empire

ON THE EVE of the Anglo-Canadian-United States economic conference the atmosphere looked decidedly more auspicious that it was a week ago. Mr. Truman's American Legion speech did much to assure the British political leaders of a cordial welcome, while reports of the final Cabinet meeting in London inferred that they had agreed on plans which would go far toward providing a remedy.

American loans and gifts to Britain of nearly six billion dollars since 1946 have not prevented their gold and dollar reserves from falling way below the danger point. At the present rate of drain they would not last another year. One of the most perplexing sides of the problem has been the rôle of other countries in the sterling area. Their spending has not only accounted for four-fifths of Britain's dollar losses during the first six months of this year but they have also absorbed a third of a billion dollars worth of British products as payment for old debts during the past year. (In fact they took in this way over 11 percent of Britain's vital exports.) The costly nature of these operations has led certain Americans to suppose that, among other things, England can no longer afford to serve as banker for the sterling area.

In any event, with Sir Stafford Cripps believed to have won out in Cabinet meeting, the British are held ready to commit themselves to cutting government expenditures quite materially. If this should take the form principally of curtailed defense appropriations, it would throw a greater burden upon our own defense forces. If a sharp cut in imports is contemplated, American business would feel the impact. (Likewise much-mooted devaluation of the pound would simultaneously put British goods in a better competitive position against our own and would also mean that the pound could purchase less of our goods.)

One of the ideas in government retrenchment is to lower taxes in order to encourage business and individual workers alike. But fewer imports, lower wages, a devalued pound and decreased social services in concert would bring the British people to a new pitch of peacetime austerity—a Labor Government responsible for all that could hardly fail to sustain great losses in the imminent elections.

Whatever the domestic adjustments, it would seem that the main element in Britain's attempted solution will be an even further shift of responsibilities of Empire and of the burden of the defense of Europe to the broad shoulders of the United States. It will be some time before modernization and other efficiencies enable British products to compete effectively in US and Canadian markets. In the interval the slack can be taken up only by England's abandoning more and more international responsibilities to the United States.

Influence or Service?

THE SENATE Investigations subcommittee finished chapter one of its "5 percenter" study when it referred its record about John Maragon to the Justice Department and the Bureau of Internal Revenue. The decks were cleared for General Vaughan, who almost certainly would be, politically, the most important witness.

If the Senators were going to do something about private fees on government contracts, they would have to make some distinctions. Dealing with a customer as big and complicated and rule-ridden as the federal government, a business concern might legitimately hire the services of an expert who knows the wheres and whys and ins and outs, the channels and dead ends, and the deciders and the buck-passers. It would be a kind of geographic service, with the expert telling his client where and when to go in and make his effort. Such a service would be a different commodity to sell than "influence." It is easy to imagine, however, how much alike the two would look sometimes in some circumstances. It would be a hard distinction to make justly by law.

Current employees of the government ought to

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be ruled out of this activity. Parenthetically and practically speaking, it appears futile for the government itself, or various branches of it, to try to perform such a service for the seekers after federal contracts. An effort might also be made to discourage present employees from preparing too earnestly for themselves a richer future career as ex-employees. The smart steward can make too intimate a friend of the mammon of iniquity.

Some legislators have suggested in the papers what appears to be a quite simple solution for most of the problem. These expert guides should register publicly somewhere; and government contracts should have noted on them the fees payed out in the course of securing them.

The "5 percenter" issue is of course also a big partisan political issue. The investigation and the hubbub are supposed, no doubt, to trouble the Truman Administration and Democratic Party. Even though nothing much develops along the classic lines of graft, bribery and corruption—and the expectation is that nothing like that will come very close to the President—the news and propaganda can injure the prestige of the Administration. A picture is created of a certain looseness and sloppiness which creates disrespect. It is a vague and impressionist picture, and the viewer reacts largely according to his pre-formed taste. A difficulty for the artist is the sweep of the Five Percenters' friendships: Col. Hunt's gallery, for instances, includes portraits from all sides of all fences.

Mr. Robeson and Democracy

PAUL ROBESON, an American singer with a magnificent voice, has made many statements—often foolish, or distorted, or stupid—about the failures of American democracy and the virtues of the Soviet states. These have infuriated some other Americans. Last week certain of these Americans, primarily veterans from Peekskill, New York, posts of the Catholic War Veterans, the American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars, decided that because of their dislike for Mr. Robeson and what he says, they would prevent him from giving a concert in their neighborhood. They succeeded. "Our objective was to prevent the Paul Robeson concert and I think our objective was reached. Anything that happened after the organized demonstration was dispersed was entirely up to the individual citizens and should not be blamed on the patriotic organizations" as one of the veterans's leaders put it. The Catholic War Veterans's commander said "All the veteran groups were dispersed before 9 P.M. . . It was regrettable that it went as far as it did. . . ." Unfortunately it went as far as it did and there was a three hour fight and eight persons were injured, one man was stabbed, and several Ku Klux Klan crosses were burned.

It is a very sad affair, for every effort by the patriotic organizations "to prevent the Paul Robeson concert"—along with the blows and the crosses—added just so much truth to what Mr. Robeson has said in the past and will say in the future about the failures of American democracy.

The Amalgamation of the Democratic Party

IN THE last issue of COMMONWEAL, Lawrence King, of Richmond, wrote about the primary election in Virginia, which the conservative and traditional Byrd group of the Democratic Party won. It was not a bit traditional for the Byrd machine to have to work so hard to win, and Mr. King felt it was significantly unsettling that the winning faction, representing the *status quo*, won only by a plurality and not by a majority. The majority of the Democratic votes in Virginia —178,000 out of 311,000—went to three opponents of the established party régime.

It was a very new business in the Democratic Party, also, for the Democratic National Committee to throw out members sent up from Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi and South Carolina by old, traditional party machines which have gone along unchallenged since the days of Reconstruction. These were Dixiecrat politicians who had fought Democratic candidate Truman in the last elections. The national party has thrown them out.

The National Committee is thus taking a chance on antagonizing the old Southern Democratic wing which, for an indefinite time, has voted solidly for the Party and maintained an extraordinarily conservative régime in the South and sent to Washington ruggedly conservative legislators. Both party discipline and political ideas indicated the action, and action was finally taken.

The Democratic Party is moving to make of itself a Farmer-Labor party. This may not prove to be as easy a trick as it appeared in the returns of the last presidential election, which showed Truman making up for southern losses by gains in the farmlands of the West. The South is the most agrarian section of the country. Farm organizations have not been falling over themselves to support the Brannan farm aid projects. Organized labor in this country is not politically one, and organized labor is only a minority of labor and a small minority of those who are not rich. So far, the bond of unity presented seems to be access to funds in the federal treasury. That is a strong bond, no one should deny, but it has its limitations. Sooner or later, the problem of how to get money *into* the Treasury for such happy redistribution is going to grow important, not only for the more wealthy, but also for the

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less well off. The Democratic Party has not yet offered a program and policy for taking in the money which farmers and laborers can both be relied upon to support with consistent votes. The reamalgamation is still a speculation, and the Truman Administration is interestingly bold to sell the Civil War in order to buy it.

Nationalism and the German Republic

SINCE the war Germany has been a heavy, and in some ways an almost hopeless burden upon the West. In recent months there has been in that country increasing nationalism, increasing sympathy with the idea of Nazism, and a distinctly apathetic attitude towards the political structures imposed by the occupation authorities. The Germans have been positively anti-communist, but positively little else. In this sort of atmosphere the Western German election campaigns and results were encouraging. Not only was there a large turn-out of voters, but a responsible party was given a Parliamentary plurality. Since the election, Dr. Konrad Adenauer, the chancellor-designate, has taken another excellent step. He has indicated that his Christian Democratic Party, contrary to speculation in the German press, will seek single-party responsibility in the new government, rather than form a coalition with the Social Democrats. In this way an effective opposition party will be sustained and the government party will be properly responsible to the electorate for its policies.

The resurgence of German nationalism is not only disturbing to the Western observer; he can also understand it and see how unavoidable it is. If this nationalism is not to end in reactionary statism; or frustrated, in national political cynicism and irresponsibility, there will have to be in Germany an intelligent government capable of channeling nationalism into positive political action. There is real hope now that the Western German Federal Republic will be able to do that. And if an effective German state is accepted into the European Union as the Christian Democrats hope, perhaps the German will again be able to act as a citizen with a place in the world.

Farming the Sea

OUR STATISTICAL age has furnished certain gloomy prophets with the basic figures: it requires two and one half acres of arable land to feed each human person. But less than two acres per person are now arable throughout the world. Mankind, therefore, even today is unable to feed itself—American surpluses notwithstanding. With population increasing at its present rate (and soil eroding and forming new dust-bowls) humanity is inevitably faced with wholesale starvation within fifty years. That in barest outline is the case of the neo-Malthusians, who call for drastic limitation of population as the only way out.

This prognosis did make recent headlines and sell a lot of books, but happily its vogue has been short-lived except with those who continue on the lookout for justifications for limiting human births. The possibilities of increasing production within a single nation have recently been brought out in considerable detail by Harold G. Moulton of the Brookings Institute in his volume, "Controlling Factors in Economic Progress." Mr. Moulton concludes that the United States is capable of supporting twice its present population at several times our present standard of living. Not all the sparsely peopled lands of the globe are susceptible of similar development, but another vast potentially productive area lies in Brazil; excluding the difficult Amazon lowlands, it needs only to be cleared of its present jungle growth to support many million families. The soil is adequate, rainfall plentiful and the climate equable all year round on much of the high, extensive plateau which begins not far from the equator.

But all these life-giving possibilities become dwarfed by the testimony of scientists before the present United Nations Resources Conference at Lake Success. Dr. N. Neville Woodward of Scotland, on the basis of recent experiments inspired by fears of the wartime blockade of the British Isles, disclosed that the ocean is, acre for acre, more productive than farm land. Moreover, tiny aqueous animals yielding much nourishment can be cultivated in fresh and seawater pools. With the sea covering 70 per cent of the globe—admittedly much of it at great depth—the potential expansion of man's present food supply through synthetic processing of the sea's raw materials can well be imagined.

The possibilities inherent in chemurgy were likewise indicated by the testimony of J. A. Hall, of the Pacific Northwest Forest and Range Experiment Station at Portland, Ore.: all the sugar consumed in our sweet-toothed United States could be produced, if necessary, from the forest and mill wastes of the Pacific Northwest area alone. Moreover, soil conservation practices in many lands are tipping the scales in the direction of building up, rather than using up, the soil vitality of the good earth.

All such developments require perfecting, large-scale operation and considerable time. But it is future decades which are the prime concern of the neo-Malthusians. In its present state the world has plenty of reasons for anxiety. But with the bounty of the earth and sea and man's ingenuity, humanity in general has no logical reason to fear the want of food and raiment. The real problem is their distribution.

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Panama Canal Prospect

A case for the Terminal Lake plan in opposition to a sea-level route

Arthur Stanley Riggs

IT WOULD BE extraordinarily difficult if not impossible to find any problem facing the United States today, short of hostilities, that is at once so simple yet so complex as the Panama Canal question. This review of it is no attempt to state technicalities except in the broadest sense.

The history of this great trans-isthmian ditch is vaguely familiar. Everyone knows we own and operate this canal for the ships of the world. Now we are told authoritatively that in 1960, eleven years hence, the normal growth of world trade and shipping will make the present canal inadequate, and we must either enlarge its capacity or build a second canal somewhere else.

Unfortunately, when we took over the project from the bankrupt French canal company at the turn of the century, the problems involved were considered as purely geological and engineering matters. The builders knew, of course, that the object of a canal is to pass vessels as safely and as expeditiously as possible between two points. It seems obvious that we should have asked the men who have to take the ships through to contribute their intimate knowledge of large and small, easy to handle and heavily awkward vessels so that engineers could grasp the necessities and make canal navigation practical. But the seamen were ignored and, for one reason and another, fundamental errors crept into the design.

The canal, therefore, while it operates successfully, has never been the balanced and trouble-free enterprise it could have been. The engineers did not know what every sailor does: that every craft afloat has as much individuality as a human being. Some are docile and easy to handle, some so awkward and sluggish they are hard to manage in even open water, some tricky and waiting the slightest chance to get into trouble. At sea that does not matter so much. But in the restricted waters of a shallow canal the personality of the ship makes all the difference in the world.

First of all the points at issue is the old question of the type of canal most practical for all purposes. De Lesseps conceived the idea of a sea-level canal because of his experience with Suez. Not being either a ship handler or an engineer, he forgot that Suez was dredged for the most part between sand dunes in an arid country, while at Panama the canal must cross mountainous jungle country in one of the world's heaviest rainfall areas featured by turbulent rivers. Before matters at Panama got really under way, the French engineer Godin de Lépinay, who had studied the problem, recognized that the idea of a sea-level waterway was impossible of fulfillment, and worked out a practical solution.

In their turn most of the American engineers who worked after Godin agreed with that decision for technical reasons. Moreover, every one of these engineers still living and in active practice—though none was consulted about the new plans—is vehement in asserting that there is as much reason today to outlaw a sea-level waterway as there was during the French régime.

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THE SECOND point, the one emphasized by the sea-level advocates, is the hullabaloo about the atomic bomb and the impossibility of protecting the present type of high-level canal against bombing and contamination. It is quite true that a direct hit by an atomic bomb on any part of the canal itself or of its accessory works such as dams, diversion channels, lakes and the like, could close it for an undetermined time. The claim that such a hit on the sea-level waterway would result only in momentary closure easily remedied, is so obviously false it needs no detailed rebuttal. Examination of the plans discloses immediately that the sea-level canal affords a wider and far longer—31 miles compared to 8—restricted channel than the lake type. The so-called retractable gate and the tidal lock, both near the Pacific terminal, are not only quite as vulnerable as the locks of the high-level canal, but once smashed up, even if they could be pulled out and replaced, would leave a waterway through which strong tides would run—on the average as fast as a good walker can stride—for hours at a time, making the whole 31 miles of narrow channel more hazardous for navigation because of the ever-present menace of machinery failure requiring anchoring in a current.

Nothing is advanced by the sea-level advocates to answer other objections of a technical nature, but the facts have all been stated in scientific and

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shipping publications, with not a single rejoinder that will hold its own. Not a word has been said about the results of draining part of Gatun Lake and exposing thousands of acres of miasmatic swamps, all the way from Agua Clara on the Atlantic side to Gamboa, more than half way to the Pacific. The pestilential nature of the region makes this point of the gravest consideration, and one certain to make endless anxiety and trouble for the medical and hygienic authorities. What the Republic of Panama would say about such an exposure may be imagined.

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MANY other items enter the equation. Mile after mile of dams would be built in bottomless muck. Tremendous slides far larger than closed the old canal for varying periods, with the unbalancing of the valley floor by the dewatering in part of Gatun Lake on the canal side of the dams, would probably result in tremendous disturbances of the ground structure. No one knows the effects of shock from the heavy blasting needed to hew the channel down to the required depth. And what of the attempts to dredge below water in some places at depths of more than 145 feet? The plan appals by its disregard of scientific knowledge. It seems incontrovertible that instead of being an honest engineering project capable of fulfillment at a legitimate cost within a reasonable period of time, this is nothing less than a gigantic boondoggle which will keep machines and men occupied for many years at staggering expense.

In the meantime, as the sea-level works would cut or at least adjoin the line of the present canal in three or more places, in case of mishap we should have no canal at all. With such a plan for construction, how the present canal is to continue operations at anything like capacity is difficult to understand. At least four of the engineers who built the canal of today, all with years of experience on the Isthmus and in demand as consultants of the highest reputation and ability, hold these and even stronger views. It is not through jealousy that the present investigators did not consult them that they disagree so sharply with the Report, but from an honest desire to see the American people benefit by any change that is made.

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NO ONE who has been in a position to know what the atomic bomb means is worried about its effect upon the canal. Captain Willis W. Bradley, USN, the distinguished naval officer until recently a member of Congress from California, disposed of that scare during the past summer. Captain Bradley is an ordnance engineering expert, a ship handler with a lifetime of experience behind him, has repeatedly traversed the canal and studied its problems. He places the sea-level canal in the same security classification with the present high-level lake type, and says no canal can be secure without adequate protection.

As if that were not enough, former Governor J. C. Mehaffey, who conducted the studies for the sea-level project, when examined by Congress about his Report, had to admit that its claim—that the sea-level canal would be safer than the existing type—was false because whatever canal we have must be competently protected.

Moreover, with a two-ocean Navy the canal's strategic importance has decreased. We control the sea lanes to both east and west without having to consider shifting the main elements of our fleets hastily. And the vastly improved land transportation systems of the territorial United States and the rail, port and pipe-line facilities on the Isthmus itself place us in a sound position.

As for attack on the canal by an enemy—who will attack it, and why? Neither Germany nor Japan, fighting desperately for their lives, risked doing so in World War II. Today such destruction would be wanton outrage, and would come probably from sabotage, against which we can guard effectively. And the focal point of attack is not the Isthmus. All that is necessary to do is to glance at a global map. Our potential enemies all lie over the peak. Panama is at the foot, at the farthest possible spot for effective hostile action. In the unlikely event that we should lose a war, the enemy would hardly be apt to smash up a vast utility which in victory it would need even more than we need it today.

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ALL THESE considerations are in a sense minor difficulties. The greater issue is largely lost sight of by those now controlling the projects. No one seems seriously to have considered the initial step which must be taken before any canal can be constructed. You do not dig up your neighbor's back yard without his permission unless you wish to invoke immediate and vigorous reprisals. None of the plans thus far examined bothers itself with the inevitable preliminaries of consulting the neighbor through whose territory we might wish to carve a tremendous ditch, the existence of which would profoundly change the economic structure of his national life.

Panama is very much awake and exceedingly sensitive to anything involving her national integrity. Her government knows accurately the extent to which the present canal has affected her mode of life, her national income, her standing among her Latin and Indian neighbors. The communist infiltration in both the Canal Zone and in the Republic has succeeded in planting

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suspicion, fear, even hatred for us, and the natural reactions of politicians and inflammable masses will make the tasks of our diplomatic representatives thorny indeed if we undertake any new enterprise in the region. A remark made by a Panamanian engineer is of the highest significance to us. The gentleman observed that it is precisely by what we do in Panama that our position and future in all of South America will be judged. If Central and South America believe we treat Panama badly, our effort of years to make friends in the southern half of the hemisphere will have gone for nothing, and even Europe will react to some extent. Whatever we try, whatever our motives, we must think of Panama first.

If the sea-level plan is to be considered seriously, before a cubic yard of earth can be moved Panama will naturally want many things settled. Our treaty with her definitely specifies the extent and nature of our territorial rights. Since the sea-level plan changes the axis of the canal by realigning it considerably, it automatically changes the limits of our Canal Zone, which extend for five miles to each side of the central line of the canal. Panamanian villages would be drowned out by the change, and the bed of the Chagres river shifted from its present location west of the canal to an embouchure east of it, a trifle of some ten miles. To fancy that these and other problems involved by the change will be simple to negotiate is to be unduly optimistic. In such case Panama would naturally demand further indemnity and probably a larger annuity than we pay now.

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THUS far we have seen chiefly what should not be done about the improvement of the canal, and the general picture looks black. There is, however, a happier view and a reasonable solution of several of the difficulties that will increase the canal capacity to any now foreseeable demands. This plan has clearly visualized not only what needs correction, but what it is possible for us to do in a reasonable time at a reasonable cost without bankrupting the distinctly anemic American merchant marine or putting additional taxes upon the public. Moreover, no new treaty will be required, there will be no dislocation of Panamanian life, no indemnity to pay, no loss of prestige for ourselves in Central and South America. It is wise, too, in that it does not, in 1949, attempt to solve the possible but still unimaginable problems of the year 2000 and after. This plan is simply to build our improvements on the existing canal.

The first flaw in the present canal design to be remedied is that of the position of two of the three sets of locks. The result of that is operational lack of balance. Because of inadequate geological knowledge, the three-lift locks at the Pacific end were divided into two sets: one twinned two-lift at Miraflores, the other a twinned single-lift at Pedro Miguel, built squarely across the southern entrance to Gaillard Cut. This made the mouth of the Cut a bottleneck which delays traffic seriously, creates dangerous surges and currents in the channel every time the lock is filled, and has been the cause of more accidents than have occurred anywhere else in the entire length of the canal.

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WORST OF ALL, the present location of both sets of locks was quite unnecessary. As long ago as August, 1906, Chief Engineer John F. Stevens, the real genius of the canal, prepared a detailed plan for a dam across the Rio Grande from Agua Dulce to Cerro de Puente, with a twin set of triple-lift locks intersecting and extending southward from it. That was the sound and obvious engineering procedure, which would have prevented the operational difficulties that now make the canal hazardous. Had the Stevens plan been adopted the enlarged area of the summit lake would have provided safe and ample anchorage now lacking for the vessels waiting to go through to the North, and no bottleneck would have choked Gaillard Cut as it does now. The lock-surges would never have existed, and vessels would not have to make two dangerous approaches to the Pacific locks as they do today. The two ends of the canal would have been brought into perfect balance.

The canal is a fact, and its improvement must work from that basis. Fifty years ago the French abandoned the sea-level scheme as hopeless of accomplishment. Their leading engineer, Godin de Lépinay, foresaw most of the present operational drawbacks and planned against them by balancing the two termini with an enlarged Miraflores Lake to shelter waiting ships. Today what is known as the Terminal Lake plan does much the same thing as Godin and Stevens had in mind. It removes the Pedro Miguel locks completely, builds new sets of triple-lift locks at a new Miraflores location, throws a dam across the present Miraflores locks, enlarging the Lake and thus providing safe berthing for more ships than are likely ever to be on the spot at one time, dissipates the surges, and raises the capacity of the canal to meet any now foreseeable traffic demands.

These changes could be constructed for a fraction of the cost of any sea-level canal, and could be operative in from four to six years without interfering with the traffic except for a few hours. This compares happily with the preliminary estimates of two and a half billion dollars over ten years to construct a sea-level canal, plus what-

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ever additional millions might be considered necessary to indemnify Panama for our encroachments. Moreover, the Terminal Lake plan calls for the construction of one set of large locks at each end, capable of holding vessels more than 1,000 feet long and 130 feet beam.

An Employer with Ideas

WILL LISSNER

A CATHOLIC employer from a city better known for its liquor and horses than for its industries sought me out the other day to discuss the problems, the possibilities and the limitations of the profit-sharing movement in industrial relations. He told me how his father, in association with the late Dr. John A. Ryan (whose books first introduced me to the Christian democratic social philosophy and helped to convert me to it), had installed so rigid a profit-sharing plan in his factory that, in the great depression, it almost sank the company along with its fifty or so employees.

A graying man with a full mustache, a florid face and a paunchy torso, he shook his head as he told about the trouble the pioneer profit-sharing plan had got the company into. I expected he would continue by telling me that the experience had convinced him that profit-sharing just wouldn't work. The affection with which he referred to "father" and to "Father Ryan" should have warned me to get ready for a surprise. Far from dropping the idea—as soon as he had weathered the storm he re-established the plan on what is now believed to be a sound basis, expanded its operations and benefits, and became as enthusiastic an advocate of profit-sharing as his father and Monsignor Ryan had been.

"When you really looked into it," he said with the eye of a man who had made a hardboiled investigation, "you found it wasn't the idea that was no good, it was just the way it was set up." Thinking again of "father" and Father Ryan as they sat and schemed together to improve the lot of workingmen with no hint of a great depression in sight, he shook his head, laughed, and said, "They were a pair of great old boys."

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IT TURNED OUT as we went on talking (a conversation I must report anonymously, for he has a horror of publicity and a contempt for the businessman who tries to improve employee-management relations for the newspaper space he gets out of it) that my visitor is quite a boy himself. One of the things that used to bother him was how to distribute merit raises. It was easy enough, with the modern development of labor statistics, to determine what minimum and average wages should be. But how reward merit justly?

My new-found friend really looked into this, too. He found that the trouble was that the president of the company (himself) didn't know as much about who was pulling his oar and who was riding it as the average man in the factory. "You can't fool the average worker," he said. "He knows who's soldiering, who's giving a fair day's work and who's giving the best he's got. Up in the front office you can't know, no matter how many times you walk through the plant."

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HIS SOLUTION? A committee of responsible factory workers, elected by workers, decides how the merit raises are to be distributed. "Takes a lot of responsibility off my shoulders," he said. "You'd only have time to fuss with the thing for an hour, you'd do a lousy job and satisfy nobody. They'll work over it night after night, and get it shipshape and satisfy practically everybody. I like to get rid of responsibility when I can. I have enough responsibility running the business and seeing that it supports the fifty-five families that get their living out of it."

Of course he has to exercise a veto over the committee. "Workers are always just a little bit too hardboiled. Take Joe. He just about earns his pay. Still, he's worth it. No use letting him go and having to train somebody new in his place. They (the committee) didn't want to give him a cent. I talked them into giving him a nickel. Two bucks a week and he's satisfied and we didn't lose him. Or take Tony. He's our truckdriver. Been with us thirty years. One of the best truckdrivers in the business. Could have made a top journeyman's classification in the factory in five years, any time in the years he's been with us. We talked him into staying on the truck—it's not easy, don't fool yourself, to get a truckdriver like he is. You can't pay him truckdriver's wages, you have to pay him top journeymen's wages. What he would have made if he'd gone into the factory. The same thing with merit raises. But the boys saw that quickly enough when I explained it to them."

But isn't this worker participation in management? A good many of my friends would think this a wild idea. My visitor gave me a look of scorn. "Any management that's jealous of its prerogatives probably isn't competent to exercise them anyway," he remarked. "The question is, who can do the job honestly and fairly? In this case, management couldn't and the workers could. It depends on the case. You can't make a general rule that fits every situation."

But doesn't this break out of the industry-wide pattern? He shook his head. "Pay the pattern

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and you'll pay strike losses too," he explained. "Pay what the business reasonably can afford, and share the excess profit—when you've got it—above a fair return on the investment, and if your industrial relations are good and the business is competently managed, you won't have a strike. We've never had. Cheaper, much cheaper in the long run. Sure, it's hard to make stockholders see it. But that's no problem with us; ours is a family-owned company."

His stockholders, it turned out, were well satisfied with their return. "We've paid nine and a half per cent on the investment ever since we got out of the mess in the depression." Nine and a half per cent in 61-cent dollars, I commented. Just about the average return, in 100-cent dollars, on risky investments in corporate securities over the past two decades. "Precisely," he said. "Pay a higher rate, and you pay less regularly."

It sounds to me, I remarked, that this is another case where the profit-sharing payment to the workers might amount to more than the total of dividends to the stockholders. "Of course," he said. "That depends on whether your investment is larger than your payroll. Ours isn't." He gave the figures. "If we didn't pay out much more to the workers than to the stockholders, what each worker got wouldn't amount to much. No use sharing profits unless the payment to each worker, when profits are good, is large enough to mean something to him. Our profits are down this year—guess everybody's are—but we'll still pay out more to the workers than to the stockholders." He gave some more figures.

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HE MOVED forward in his chair, ready to go; then he stopped. "You know," he said, "I've got something else I've been keeping in back of my mind. Not so long ago I read in the paper where an I.T.U. (International Typographical Union) local, in Washington, I think it was, asked for double time for vacations.

"That struck me as the screwiest idea ever. Double time for doing nothing! What'll people think of next? Kept rankling me. And then the more I looked into it, the more I realized they had something there. Take the average factory worker getting $60 or $70 a week." (The average factory worker gets $53.66 a week; maybe he was thinking of the typical factory worker he knew.) "He can't save anything in these times on $60 or $70 a week. That's why we have the profit-sharing trust, with the worker's fund held in governments securities. We pay the profit-sharing bonus before Christmas, so he'll have it in a lump sum and can go out and buy the refrigerator he needs or make a down payment on a car.

"When vacation time comes, his expenses don't stop. All he can do for two weeks is sit around on the porch. Pay double time for vacations and he has two weeks' pay to take the family away somewhere. The screwiest idea I ever heard of, but it's a hell of a good one. Just as soon as business perks up, I'll put a flea in their bonnet, wait and see. Nobody saves money for vacations or anything else any more."

Now he had me fighting back. Thrift is one of the things that makes a workingman free and independent. What we need is saving, maybe forced saving if necessary, into worker-controlled credit unions. How about lay-offs and shutdowns? "You don't have any if you plan your labor force to meet your needs far ahead and keep it just at that," he countered. How about the annual wage? "That's what we've got and I've just explained how we got it." But shouldn't workers save? "The simple fact is that when they're comprehensively covered by insurance, as our workers are, they don't. When their pay goes up, their living standards go up too, and they need their pay to give their families what they've got used to. You can't argue with facts. You've got to make your theories fit them."

He wrung my hand. "It's a screwy way to do it, but double time for vacations 'll put money into a worker's hand when he needs it so he can take a vacation," he said. "Just think it over and you'll come around to it, too." He bustled out with a cherubic smile on his florid face.

Whew! My friend from the liquor and horse country may never make his father and Father Ryan turn over in their graves. But one of these days he's going to come close to making them sit up and take notice!

Thoreau and the State

C. CARROLL HOLLIS

THE famous essay *Civil Disobedience* is a remarkable assertion, as remarkable today as in 1849, of the relation of man to society. I use *remarkable* here as an intentionally equivocal term, for I find the essay remarkable on three distinct levels: for its literary effectiveness, for its major errors, for its essential truth.

Thoreau's literary gifts have been so generally acclaimed that I wish only to add a comment on one aspect, but a major aspect, of his language that is ignored: his use of paradox. My starting point is a hitherto unnoticed comment by Emerson on Thoreau's style:

> Henry Thoreau sends me a paper with the old fault of unlimited contradiction. The trick of his rhetoric is soon learned; it consists in substituting for the obvious word and thought its diametrical

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> antagonist. He praises wild mountains and winter forests for their domestic air; snow and ice for their warmth; villagers and woodchoppers for their urbanity, and the wilderness for resembling Rome and Paris. With the constant inclination to dispraise cities and civilization, he yet can find no way to know woods and woodsmen except by paralleling them with towns and townsmen. Channing declared the piece excellent: but it makes me nervous and wretched to read it, with all its merits. (*Journals,* VI, 440)

Emerson is here wiser than he knows, for, although it makes him "nervous and wretched," he shrewdly and quite correctly discovers as the secret of Thoreau's style its essential foundation in paradox.

Paradox in Thoreau is the consequence of his profound awareness (which does not mean his scientific understanding) of the mystery of life. The basic paradox of existence the Hindu writers saw, the writers of the early seventeenth century saw, Blake saw, Thoreau saw. Any statement of what they saw had to be, inevitably, a paradoxical statement, no matter how simple their expression. Thoreau, then, saw paradoxes, he did not make them. Thoreau's relationship to these earlier writers is not a stylistic one merely; it is, rather, the basic similarity of a common vision. Thoreau knew intuitively, as we know through reflection, and as Emerson failed to know at all, that paradox must be taken seriously both as an essential principle of life and as an essential method of communication.

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IN ORDER to reach the higher truth which Thoreau contemplated and to which he brings us through his paradoxical method, it is necessary first to disabuse ourselves of the widely current notion that *Civil Disobedience* is a guide to political action. From Thoreau's day, through Tolstoy, Gandhi, Emma Goldman, and others, the essay has been championed as a still current, if ideal, statement of the relation of the individual to the state. This view has highlighted the romantic heresy of which I believe Thoreau guilty.

Looked at as a political credo the essay is just wrong. In it Thoreau offends common sense and our common understanding of the need for organized society or government. The opening paragraphs exhibit this first error, his failure to recognize the primacy of the state. Most of us would admit Jefferson's dictum, "That government is best which governs least," if taken as a statement of policy in operation. But when Thoreau starts his essay with this famous remark, he leaves little doubt that he proposes the comment only in its extreme interpretation and so denies the fundamental principle that man needs the state, so needs it that he must as a rational being provide it for his own social welfare.

But Thoreau looks on government at best as but an expedient, not as an essential need with real rights and powers no matter how small the minimum exercise of these might in practice be. Even the abuse of power by a standing government does not deny its claim to *some* power; even as a standing army, to follow Thoreau's figure, may have justification despite the wrongs it perpetrates. When government activity becomes an obstacle to business or commerce, it is to be judged by its seeking the common good and not measured by Thoreau's norm of its success in letting men alone.

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THE second major error is the misunderstanding of democracy. In the fourth paragraph of the essay Thoreau challenges majority rule. First he claims that when power of rule is in the hands of the majority, injustice is done and violence to the conscience. A majority rules, he says, not by right or out of fairness to the minority but by physical strength. It presumes to decide right and wrong instead of dealing only with matters of expediency. In reply it might first of all be said that Thoreau fails to understand the essential characteristic of government by majority rule in a democracy such as the American state.

Democracy under the American Constitution is not like other forms of government where the majority might rule, as in an oligarchy or even monarchy upheld by an army with force or by most citizens out of sheer power of numbers. Democracy is distinct from other modes of government not in what it provides a majority but in what it promises absolutely to a minority, no matter how small.

In this way majority rule, just such as Thoreau had in mind, is a protection instead of the invasion of rights. Further, the judicial power of legitimate government necessarily deals with problems of right and wrong, and decides against even the sincere but misguided claims of *some* consciences while it vindicates those of another. Such settlement of disputes is one of the functions (because one of the common needs of men) of any government. Yet Thoreau says, "The only obligation I have a right to assume is to do at any time what I think right." In the sense in which he says this, he sets up every citizen as judge of the state. It is a testament of the Rousseauistic idea that consent on the part of the citizen constitutes the state's authority and refusal dissolves it. This is the third major error of the essay.

This, the central error of the work, concerns authority in the State. When Thoreau considers the obligation of the citizen to obey the law, he not only rejects that obligation in the light of his extreme individualism but ultimately denies authority itself. Just what does, "The

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only obligation I have . . . is to do . . . what I think is right," imply?

Now obligation is a correlative of right. In this case the state must have the right to impose obligation, to demand obedience. Man refusing to acknowledge such obligation denies the State the right involved, and thereby denies the authority of the State.

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THE last of what I call the major errors of the essay is what I consider its complete or absolute liberalism. I fancy myself as a liberal of sorts, and many of my friends are more liberal still, but I know of no one who is an absolute liberal in Thoreau's sense except Thoreau. By absolute liberalism, in the extreme and reprehensible sense in which I use the term here, I mean the exaltation of the privilege of freedom of will so as to justify its independence of authority.

In this extreme sense liberalism is the philosophy which in principle glorifies the single individual free-will until its apparent freedom isolates the person from society, releasing him from his social and civil duties. There are modified forms of liberalism wherein submission to one authority or another is denied, but absolute liberalism denies all authority. Thoreau does just this in clear and emphatic statements. He even explains his external neighborliness and outward conformance to some of his civil and social requirements as motivated by his personal preferences not by submission of his will to authority as such. He is careful to insist that he objects not to giving a dollar to the state but in giving obedience to it. In a word, although it is passive resistance he preaches, it is *active* civil disobedience of will.

The errors Thoreau makes are really errors, and as such to be denounced as vigorously as one's perception of their danger admits. Yet certainly never was there an essay in which truth so transcended its accompanying error. The paradox upon which this comment rests, and upon which Thoreau's whole essay rests, he himself explains:

> Seen from a lower point of view, the Constitution, with all its faults, is very good; the law and the courts are very respectable; even this state and this government are, in many respects very admirable, and rare things, to be thankful for, such as a great many have described them; but seen from a point of view a little higher, they are what I have described them; seen from a higher still, and the highest, who shall say what they are, or that they are worth looking at and thinking of at all?

What Thoreau does is to look at life (or in this case at one aspect of it, the State) from two and sometimes from all three of these points of view, but in the same glance. This double or complex vision occasions the paradox of his experience. Contradiction, which is the principle of paradox, arises from the opposition he perceives between these different phases of existence.

This complex vision is not contrived, but a part of Thoreau's penetrating if incomplete intuition of life. In this sense the whole fourteen volumes of his *Journal* are only a by-product, and what we should praise as the essential Thoreau is the man of vision. Yet this vision, because paradoxical, provides the tension in which creation works.

In Thoreau's case, and he here is in accord with an ancient tradition, creation is best manifested in short units—the sentence or the short paragraph. Every famous sentence of Thoreau's is based in some fashion or other on this three-way paradox. "Under a government which imprisons any unjustly, the true place for a just man is also a prison," from the essay under discussion. "Merely to come into the world the heir of a fortune is not to be born, but to be still-born, rather," from *Life Without Principle*. "The mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation," from *Walden*. It does not seem necessary to explain how paradox works or the kinds Thoreau uses, but it is important to note their connection with his over-all style. The three sentences quoted, like most of his paradoxes, are opening sentences of paragraphs. Once the paradox is on paper, he spends the rest of the paragraph explaining it by straight narrative or exposition.

The errors, as those noted above, come from his attempts to explain his paradoxes or from his direct presentation of a social philosophy. In either case Thoreau fails; he is not a brilliant expository writer, nor even a distinguished logical thinker. He is sometimes read as such, and often quoted, as by Emma Goldman, for purposes he would find violently ironical, yet he is no philosopher. But he is a mystic of a sort, with a true mystical vision of life. I say 'of a sort' for I do not think of him as a mystic in the traditional Christian sense. A better name for him would be a mystical poet (in the sense of William Blake).

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IT IS ON THIS level, as a mystical poet, that Thoreau is significant for the essential truth of his utterances. What is it that a mystical poet grasps that we do not? In traditional terms I think we can say he sees the One in the Many. Not that he *reasons* to it as we do in our painful way. He sees immediately the Oneness of the universe, we see only the Many. Now Thoreau recognized his vision as the high point of man's potentialities, and "If a plant cannot live according to its nature, it dies; and so a man."

On this plane Thoreau's high individualism is not only acceptable, it is the only possible atti-

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tude to take. *We* do not and cannot have an intuitive perception of the mystery of life in the same sense that we, as a group, carry on a defensive war or any other social action. Mystical awareness is and can only be an individual experience. Thoreau is sometimes impatient with our spiritual myopia and scorns our admittedly laborious efforts to attain certainty by reason. Similarly he scorns our laborious efforts to live on the lower, physical level. His indignation at society was in large part attendant upon the State's forcing lower level responsibilities upon him and distracting him from the highest participation, some stage of mystical contemplation.

Thoreau's reaction would be like that of the Trappist whose ecstatic prayer is interrupted by a well-meant request for a donation to the March-of-Dimes Fund. Even the thought of social injustice can distract, so the social evils are to be removed. The slaves are to be freed so that they, if they wish, and Thoreau can contemplate. But even this ideal state is not the end-all, for it would "prepare the way for a still more perfect and glorious State, which also I have imagined, but not yet anywhere seen."

When Thoreau closes his essay with these words he is asserting once again for western man that our social destiny is, after all, but a part of that spiritual destiny in which our dignity as men rests. In that sense the essay is as much, indeed more important today than one hundred years ago. Then as now men of public conscience were indignant at the injustices of society, injustices that seemed perpetuated, and even created, by the State. Perhaps more in Europe than here, but certainly everywhere today, the problem of this essay—the nature and extent of obedience to the State—becomes the problem of the individual citizen whose answer defines him as anything from a martyr or prisoner to a conniver or slave. Thoreau's answer to this problem on the level of social action is, I contend, simply wrong. But on its higher level, as the classic statement of American individualism at its highest, it will become increasingly important as society becomes increasingly collective.

Of Note

Objectives of Education

IN THE booklet, "Catholic Secondary Education," by Sister Mary Janet, S.C., published by the NCWC Department of Education (1312 Massachusetts Ave., Washington, D. C.) earlier this year, the author first discusses the founding of the earliest Catholic schools in this country, beginning with New Mexico and Florida in the 16th century. She then suggests why there was a need to develop a Catholic school system as a means of fulfilling the Church's "commission to go and teach." The author continues:

> There is a very simple and logical direction to the thinking of the Catholic educator. He reasons that since man is dependent on God for his existence and all his possessions, whether material, spiritual, or supernatural, it is clear that God must enter into every phase of his life activities. The dignity of the individual, so carefully guarded in the modern school, arises from his creation in God's image and his redemption by Jesus Christ. All the rights and duties of human beings, both as individuals and as members of the state, depend on this divine source. Because man has a spiritual and immortal soul and a free will, he looks forward, after a life that accords with God's designs, to an eternal life in heaven with his Creator.
>
> If the process of education, then, is to fulfill its function of developing the whole person, a principle which has universal approval, the Catholic educator considers the task incompletely performed unless knowledge of God and our duties to Him are included in the educational program. Schools consider it their duty to aid parents in every other phase of the development of children—in matters of health, of home life, of leisure pursuits, as well as in intellectual skills and habits; the duty of the school also includes, therefore, the development of the spiritual life, which cannot be accomplished without religion, which is its source. . . .

Federalism and Catholic Sociology

IN COMMENTING on the opening of the Council of Europe at Strasbourg and the outcome of the German elections, the August 20 *Tablet* (128 Sloan St., S.W. 1, London, England) cites the satisfaction of M. Schuman and the French that the Christian Democrats, who support federalism as opposed to centralization, defeated the more nationalistic Social Democrats. The *Tablet* points out that this is in line with the German Catholic tradition:

> The great Catholic political leaders of the nineteenth century, argued *Suso Blatt,* a south-German Catholic weekly, during the debates about the Bonn Constitution, were all strong federalists—Görres, Buss, Jörg, Reichensperger, Mallinckrodt, Windhorst. The same can be said of Bishop Ketteler, who believed that self-determination and self-government were only possible in a federalist system; and the same ideas were upheld in the Bonn Parliamentary Council by such Christian Democrat spokesmen as Dr. Süsterhenn. And the *Suso Blatt* concluded:—
>
> "We Catholics can only agree to the Bonn Constitution if the latter accepts the principles of federalism, self-government and parental rights, and if it accepts *the idea of the subsidiary functions of the federal executive.* Only in this way can we prove worthy of the great Catholic leaders of the past . . . who resisted Bismarck not only because he op-

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pressed the Catholic Church but because he transformed Germany by means of 'blood and iron' into a centralist and nationalist colossus."

China's Transport

MARYKNOLL'S *The Field Afar,* (Maryknoll, N. Y.) in its September issue, quotes an American engineer as to the role lack of mechanized transport plays in China's recurrent famines. Rev. John F. Donovan of the Kaying mission agrees:

> Yes, there was, and is, the problem. The region has no river, no railroad, no air lines; only one uncertain, unpaved mountain road. The drivers of the few worn-out trucks that were used to transport rice over that dirt road took their lives in their hands. And after the washout of a wooden bridge, the people reverted completely to their three-thousand-year-old system of carrying food in bags or baskets hanging from the ends of a five-foot, bamboo stick, called a *tamm* pole.
>
> Three fifths of the country's produce is moved in this way, on the enduring, calloused shoulders of its people. And the carriers travel not on rails, not on highways, but over rough mountain paths. Until you have seen a woman or a child on a steep mountain path, straining under a hundred-weight of rice, you cannot fully understand China's twentieth-century problem about which we speak.
>
> Most of China's beaten tracks of trade are the same today as they were two thousand years ago, though its population has increased a hundredfold. The lifeblood of the nation flows, not along veins of steel rail or concrete pavement, but in isolated dirt-path veins, unconnected with the great central arteries. Because manpower transport is the norm, each locality must try to be self-sufficient. Three fifths of all produce must be sold locally in near-by markets. The skillful Chinese farmer knows that a surplus of grain finds him unable to transport his crop to a distant market that is desperately in need of it; while a shortage finds him equally unable to import from distant areas of abundance.
>
> We have often observed how the lack of rail and truck roads forces our people of Kwangtung Province, in normal times, to import rice from Burma and Siam, even though the bordering provinces of Fukien and Kiangsi have more rice than they can consume!
>
> A Chinese merchant in a large seaport said, not long ago, that he uses Dakota (U.S.A.) wheat in his flour mill. When asked about the great wheat fields of Shantung, he replied that, because of inadequate transportation facilities, it costs more to bring China's wheat a few hundred miles than it does to import wheat from across the Pacific.

Catholic International News

Greek Catholics in Italy

THE RECENT visit to Sicily of one of the highest dignitaries of the Catholic Church of the Eastern Rite, the Melkhite Patriarch of Antioch, has drawn renewed attention to the fact that Italy, the most Latin country of the world, numbers two Catholic dioceses of the Byzantine Rite, which use no Latin, but only Greek in their liturgy. One of these dioceses, Piana del Greci, is located in Sicily, the other, Lungro, in Calabria.

His Beatitude Maximose IV Saigh, Melkhite Patriarch of Antioch, was accompanied on his Sicilian tour by his Auxiliary, Archbishop Peter Medawar, and by Archbishop Anton Farag, Patriarchal Administrator of the Diocese of Damascus, Syria, as well as by several priests from Syria and Egypt. The Patriarch has his usual summer residence at Damascus, his winter residence at Cairo.

The Catholics of the dioceses of Lungro and Piana dei Greci are, in part, the heirs of the Greeks who once constituted a majority of the population in Southern Italy and Sicily. To a much larger extent, however, they are descendants of Albanians who fled from the Turks in the fifteenth, sixteenth and eighteenth centuries. In most respects, the Greeks and Albanians have been absorbed in the Italian population. In 1763, there were 62 villages in Southern Italy and Sicily where Albanian was spoken. Now there are only 13.

The first wave of Albanian immigrants to Southern Italy and Sicily came in the years between 1467 and 1470, after the death of the Albanian national hero Scanderbeg, when his daughter, who had become the Princess of Bisignano, invited her countrymen to the Kingdom of Naples. More refugees came later, especially when the Christians in Albania were persecuted by the Turkish Sultan, Selim II.

The diocese of Lungro, under Bishop Giovanni Mele, numbers at present 38,900 Catholics, 36 priests, 24 parishes, and 46 churches and chapels. The diocese of Piana dei Greci numbers between 20,000 and 22,000 Catholics, (about 10,000 of them in Palermo), 24 priests, 11 parishes, and 34 churches and chapels. It has at present no bishop of its own but is subject to Cardinal Ruffini, Archbishop of Palermo, as Apostolic Administrator. The Cardinal has an Auxiliary Bishop of the Eastern Rite, Most Rev. Giuseppe Perniciaro, to whom he delegates a large part of the pastoral and administrative direction of the Piana diocese.

During his visit to Sicily, Patriarch Maximos IV expressed repeatedly his admiration for the intensity of religious life among the Eastern Rite Catholics in the island. One of the priests accompanying him wrote in *Le Lien,* a French-language Melkhite monthly in Egypt,

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that the liturgical chant of the Piana Catholics is beautiful and in many ways typically Albanian: "Vespers were sung entirely in Greek and in accordance with the directions of our liturgical books, but the modulation was often similar to that of Albanian folksongs (which we had repeatedly occasion to hear during our visit) rather than to that of our psalm-singing. The priest's singing of the 'Sophia Orthi' during the procession was especially beautiful. It is significant how easily different nationalities adapt themselves to the Byzantine liturgy. Such experiences as ours in the Martorana Church at Palermo make us feel that the Church really belongs to all peoples and all languages."

Patriarch Maximos and his companions visited especially the grounds of a new seminary which is now being built at Piana for the Catholics of the Eastern Rite. A large part of the building is completed. The Seminary will be able to accommodate 50 seminarians and will thus constitute an important factor in the survival of the Eastern Rite in Sicily. At the University of Palermo, an "International Center for Albanian Studies," subsidized by the Italian Government, was solemnly opened in the Patriarch's presence. (New York, 9/1—CIP.)

German Election Results

THE FACT that 10 political parties are represented in Western Germany's first Federal Assembly, not counting 3 "Independents," is undoubtedly due to the electoral system. Similar to that used in the British Zone regional elections last year, it is nominally a combination of majority vote and proportional representation; in fact, however, it works almost exactly as if it were undiluted proportional representation. It favors small parties.

The Communists, who elected 15 Representatives (3.8% of the total), would not have entered the Assembly at all, if an electoral system similar to that existing in the United States or Great Britain had been adopted. Nowhere did the Communist vote approach a majority. The Party Chairman, Max Reimann, running in what he apparently believed to be the "reddest" of all electoral districts, the Westphalian industrial city of Dortmund, obtained only 13,325 votes, against 41,434 for the Social Democratic and 30,577 for the Christian Democratic candidates.

The dissipation of votes was greatest in Munich, largest city in the American zone, where 6 parties divided the votes: Social Democrats 97,000 (27.6%), Bavarian Party 78,000 (22.1%), Christian Social Union 62,000 (17.5%), Economic Reconstruction Party 45,000 (13%), Communists 35,000 (10%), Liberal Democrats 34,000 (9%).

On education and parents' rights, which played an important role in the campaign, election results are inconclusive. Out of 402 seats in the Assembly, the parties who had strong parents' rights planks (Christian Democrats, Center Party, Bavarian Party, German Party) hold 183. The Parties which in the Bonn Council favored a State school monopoly (Social Democrats, Liberal Democrats, Communists) have 198. The attitude of the other 21 is uncertain. (Cologne, 8/27—CIP.)

The Screen

Ideas Too Broad for Leaping

THERE IS NO doubt good cinematic material in the story of Israel, but the two films we have just seen on this subject show that this material has not yet jelled or that their makers were too confused by the many issues involved to settle on a single line and follow it. Perhaps the Palestine story itself is still too perplexing and many-sided for motion picture cameras to focus clearly on its issues now. The best thing that can be said about these two movies is that they are timely.

"Sword in the Desert," which was made in Hollywood, is about a selfish, bad-tempered American captain who is willing to use his ship to smuggle illegal Jewish immigrants past the British blockade in 1947. His interest in the cargo is only in the $125 a head; but after seeing one delivery of men, women and children safely to shore, he is forced to hide with them in a Palestine camp to escape the patrolling British. Disregarding orders from the Israeli leaders, he sends a radio message to his ship, a message which leads the British to the camp and eventually to the capture of the illegal immigrants as well as the Jewish leaders and the American himself. Dana Andrews portrays this lead role with plenty of hard-boiled cynicism and it is hardly his fault that this character's later softening and conversion are so unconvincing. He is surrounded by a good cast: Stephen McNally is excellent as the Palestinian in charge of the immigrants, and also effective are Jeff Chandler as the leader of the movement, Marta Toren as the mysterious "radio voice" whom the British hope to capture, Liam Redmond as an Irishman fighting for the Jewish cause, and Philip Friend, Lowell Gilmore, and Hugh French as English officers.

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BUT practically all these characters in "Sword in the Desert" are stock types, and the whole picture is so loaded with clichés that it lacks semblance to reality in spite of its good sets and effective mob scenes. The script written by Robert Buckner, who is also responsible for the film's production, requires this good cast to deliver speech after speech of exposition that has little relation to real dialogue. Director George Sherman succeeds frequently in building up excitement in this picture which is more of a melodrama than anything else, but he does not make us believe that the American was ever convinced that no man is an island unto himself. The Christmas Eve attack on the British camp where the prisoners are held is in itself thrilling; however it is followed by a series of clichés which end the picture on a confused note with a shot of Bethlehem in the background and voices singing "Come All Ye Faithful." What this movie really lacks is heart. It has no depth of feeling to win us to the cause it is trying to portray sympathetically, and it uses practically none of the great Jewish tradition or culture as a focus to which these

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immigrants (and the audience too) might be attracted.

This criticism cannot be made of the Italian picture, *"The Earth Cries Out"* which handles a plot and themes that are quite similar to those in the Hollywood movie. Among its best scenes, several of which show Jewish religious ceremonies, is a wedding on board the ship that is smuggling a boatload of immigrants through the blockade. The captain of this boat however, in contrast to the Dana Andrews role, is sympathetic toward his passengers, and although he is not Jewish, toward the country which they are trying to reach. The festivities in honor of this captain in the town which welcomes the newcomers are quite moving. And so are many of the scenes involving these down-trodden people who now hope to build a new home in Palestine.

The main plot concerns three young men who were once friends: a British officer and two Palestinians, one of whom is a terrorist and the other a Haganah agent bringing "illegals" into the country. Although the story ends in the tragic death of two of the men, executed by opposing sides, much of its intended effectiveness is lost through confusion in the telling. The picture has been poorly edited, and too often you are not able to tell where you are or which group of characters is, in a particular scene, the center of interest. The British are definitely the enemies, but the wrangling between the opposing groups of Israeli only confuses the already complicated issues. The cast, consisting mostly of Italians, is good throughout; and Director Duilio Coletti successfully establishes several interesting character portrayals. The print of "The Earth Cries Out" which will be shown in this country has a sound track in which English speaking voices have been dubbed in. I found it most disconcerting to look at actors who are speaking Italian which I hear them speaking English. Although this device is unsatisfactory, it cannot be blamed alone for the confusion in this film which attempts to handle too many subjects. It is unfortunate that "The Earth Cries Out" isn't better, for it has a feeling for the dignity of man.

★

"The Girl in the Painting" is an English melodrama also concerned with down-trodden Jews. The film, however, is a mystery thriller and it centers on a girl who is an amnesiac in a German DP camp. Its story starts in England where an English officer becomes fascinated by an elderly man who claims that the subject of a portrait in an art gallery is his daughter. The chase is then long and involved and it only partly ends when the girl is found in a German camp, claimed by another father. You may feel when you get the solution that a great deal of fuss has been made over very little situation, but you won't be bored on the way. Director Terence Fisher holds your interest with several exciting sequences and with some nice characterizations. The lovely Swedish actress Mai Zetterling plays the confused heroine; Robert Beatty is the alcoholic artist who found and lost her; and Guy Rolfe is the officer who finds her again.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Books

The Oasis. Mary McCarthy. Random House. $2.00.

MARY McCARTHY'S gift is for the epithet and, as anyone knows who has read her theatre criticism in the *Partisan Review,* she is swift and lethal with it. It makes her a brilliant journalist and, when she writes for greater permanence, a kind of essayist on the highly vulnerable subject of human personality. But both in her earlier novel, *The Company She Keeps,* and in *The Oasis,* it is precisely her talent with the epithet that keeps her from being a novelist. Both novels exhibit a row of characters who are completely tagged and even paralyzed by Miss McCarthy's estimate before the novel ever happens to them. The real interest in *The Company She Keeps* is in the separate introductions of character; each introduction is an essay, rather than a chapter of a novel; and when these introductions are exhausted, the closest thing we have to a narrative device is the analysis-confessional chapter, "Ghostly Father, I Confess," in which we are simply *told* that all these characters have had an effect upon the central figure. (Who really remembers "The Man in the Brooks Brothers Shirt" as part of such a large scheme?) Everything in the book is smooth and professional until Miss McCarthy tries to do something about making it a novel. *The Oasis* is a more compact and singleminded enterprise, but the characters are still unrelated and static elements, as far as the movement of the story is concerned; they come to us full-grown and we simply take Miss McCarthy's word —her very telling word—for each of them; the crisis of a threat to the strawberries in their Utopia is merely a contrivance that they are exposed to and it gives each one a chance to furnish an example of what we already know about him. The "action," in short, is nothing more than an illustration that Miss McCarthy was right about these people after all.

★

THIS IS as it should be, I suppose. A wit as damaging as Mary McCarthy's has no patience to let action develop the character, when a single thrust will settle the matter; nor will it put up with the kind of untidy would-be-could-be of the full-dimensioned novel, when there are so few other writers around who can make black so black and white so white. Thus time, which is the only material of the complete novelist, is of no great use to her; and character, whose many-sidedness keeps a novelist like Gide in a lifetime business, is limited to the kind of caricature you find in the broadest and least subtle forms of satire. (This last limitation you can see in the later Waugh, if you compare *The Loved One,* in which the narrator is a somewhat inhuman observer, to the author of *Vile Bodies* or *Decline and Fall,* who managed to involve himself in the stupidities of his characters, so that the irony was made all the sharper by the pity.)

You settle for a kind of intellectual slapstick, then, in Mary McCarthy's best fiction (except in that wonderful

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short-story, "The Cicerone," which she published in the *Partisan* a few years ago—I call it a masterpiece); but nothing is wrong with slapstick and no one in this country comes near her for her ability to apply it to complex material. Her material in *The Oasis* is a number of easily recognizable social reformers and visionaries, of every contemporary stripe, brought together in an experiment in communal living. Her description of these people as she takes them *seriatim* surpasses that of her other novel; and in the character of Taub, the realist, she even achieves a certain delicately humorous pathos. Each of the characters is measured for the author's kill in a curiously artificial prose of suspended construction, as if nothing mattered to her except scrupulous justice. If this style leaves the narrative without any devices for change of pace, it keeps you nervous for its victims. Their sins are intellectual, and so their torture is in kind; they simply have Mary McCarthy watching them.

HENRY RAGO.

Stalin. Isaac Deutscher. Oxford. $5.00.

DEUTSCHER lived in Poland until 1939, when he went to London as a correspondent of some Polish newspapers. Later he worked on the staff of various English journals. He is now preparing biographies of Trotsky and of Lenin; those two books, together with the one just published will form a trilogy.

If the next two are comparable with *Stalin,* the three books will help much in understanding the enigma that is Russia. Deutscher, with his background of life and travel in Poland and in Russia, has written what he terms a political biography. He has made no serious effort to plumb the ideology of Communism; neither has he set forth his thoughts on the economics of Marxism. His book is at all times objective but never coldly detached. He has perhaps not said anything very bitter about Stalin but neither has he written anything very favorable of him. He does not profess to know Stalin's mind. He does not claim to know what Russia plans for the future.

What, then, does he do? Simply this. Beginning with Stalin's birth in 1879, he traces meticulously the important developments from that date until 1946. Little documentary evidence of any value has been made available since that date. Stalin's life in the seminary at Tiflis, 1894-1899, is examined carefully, as well as the reasons for his first imprisonment and exile in 1902. The first contacts between Lenin, the master, and Stalin, the disciple, are well analyzed. Stalin's determination to use violence to destroy the Tsarist government is made clear. The influence of the Fourth Russian Congress, held at Stockholm in 1906, upon Stalin receives attention. Stalin, outside Russia for the first time, seemed uninterested in internationalism. In 1908 Stalin was sent to prison again but escaped in 1909. In 1913 we find Stalin in Vienna; later in the same year he was again arrested and sent to Siberia.

Stalin was unconcerned about World War I but became active again at the time of the February 1917 revolution. We find him declaring in December 1917 that the Finns had the right to be free from Russia, if they so wished. In 1923 Stalin, Zinoviev and Kamenev formed a triumvirate against Trotsky. How they proceeded against Trotsky is made understandable. The utter insecurity of every Russian leader when Lenin died in January 1924 is stressed, as well as the methods used by Stalin to gain the place formerly held by Lenin. And much insistence is placed upon Stalin's conviction at the time that Russia could develop by herself if necessary into a classless society.

★

THE BOOK is especially helpful in understanding the confusing period since September 1939. The Russian war against Finland in that year and Stalin's profession of friendship with Hitler in December 1939, as well as Stalin's decision to overthrow the governments of the Balkan nations are set against the European background of the time. Stalin's pro-German sentiments, expressed on June 14, 1941, a week before the attack by Hitler seemed to Deutscher to indicate that even at that late date, Stalin doubted that Hitler would attack. Excellent appraisals of Stalin's strategy at Teheran and at Yalta are given. Even though the author believes that he knows at least something about Russia and about Stalin, he is nevertheless honest enough to ask, in one of the closing chapters: "What is Stalin, after all? The architect of an imperial restoration, who sometimes exploits revolutionary pretexts for his ends, or the promoter of Communist revolution, camouflaging his purpose with the paraphernalia of the Russian Imperial tradition? British and American statesmen pondered the question as they tried to penetrate Stalin's motives."

Deutscher does not think Stalin a superman. He outlines many actions which seem to have been mistakes. He doubts if Stalin's foreign policy was the result of any preconceived plan, but is rather inclined to believe that it was the result of "contradictory domestic and foreign pressures." He believes, furthermore, that Russia is being influenced by the West, regardless of any curtains that may be employed. The book ends on a hopeful note, one that we can profitably use today. An ample bibliography, much of it in Russian, as well as a detailed index are further evidence that this is much more than a "popular" book, written by a newspaperman between assignments.

PAUL KINIERY.

The Body. William Sansom. Harcourt, Brace. $2.75.

THIS IS A brilliant first novel by an English writer already distinguished for his short stories. It is perhaps the best thing I have ever read about that class of society known in England as "the lower mids." Other authors have written about the lower middle class, but no one has permeated his writing to so great a degree with that quality which pictures the state of mind and attitude implied by the phrase. Its whole atmosphere is laden with it. It takes a special kind of gift to make this palatable, let alone readable. Yet William Sansom has done it, and done it superbly. His people are not interesting in any normal fictional sense yet the book grips

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you. We must conclude that this is due to the skill of the writing, and to some quality in the author which cannot help but command attention. In short, he writes about thoroughly commonplace people, but by no means in a commonplace way.

The hero is Henry Bishop, who runs a hairdressing establishment in an English suburb. He notices a new neighbor eyeing his wife Madge from across the fence and only too promptly suspecting that she has returned the scrutiny in friendly fashion he feels the awakening in him of the green monster. Henry and Madge are both middle aged; they have been married many years. It seems unreasonable for Henry to be jealous; but jealousy itself is an unreasonable thing. When the aggressive neighbor Diver makes friendly overtures to them and invites them to dinner Henry is beside himself, but accepts, slyly deciding that he will watch proceedings.

After a while it becomes a sort of game, in which Henry helps matters along by slyly encouraging with his limited mind an affair which he is loath to encourage with his equally limited emotions. He watches Madge and Diver, he feels "in some sense superior—I had manufactured the situation, it was they who were watched and were guilty." Mr. Sansom had certainly read his Dostoievsky, as the foregoing shows, and if anything else were needed to prove this we have the following: "I believe I began to enjoy the feeling of being the deceived, the unwanted, the injured." Yet Henry is playing with fire, with such consequences as are to be expected. This might easily be called a story of psychological suspense. Above all, it is superb portrait of a certain mind.

JOHN COURNOS.

The Vital Center. Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. Houghton. $3.00.

FEW CHRISTIANS and democrats would have difficulty accepting sentiments such as these: "The essential strength of democracy as against totalitarianism lies in its startling insight into the value of the individual. . . . For all the magnificent triumphs of individualism, we survive only as we remain members of one another. The individual requires a social context, not one imposed by coercion, but one freely emerging in response to his own needs and initiative . . ." It is their reactions to specific situations rather than their over-all general theories that raise certain doubts as to the efficacy of the adherents of the Americans for Democratic Action and the Third Force in this country and overseas.

The formula, neither Fascism nor Communism, is simply too loose. One indication of the difficulties involved is the list which Mr. Schlesinger presents in his new book as the "prophets" of the meaning of freedom. He includes among others: Hemingway, "who disliked people who pushed other people around," Gide, "with his quivering sense of freedom" and Aneurin Bevan, "in whom is distilled the whole tradition of British dissent."

On occasion the author warns vaguely against leaving too much to the State, but welcomes as a model the British degree of socialization. In his one reference to the Chinese Communists he banks heavily on the possibility that Mao may cause Stalin trouble through Chinese nationalist deviationism. And he swallows whole the dire predictions of Mr. Vogt and other now-discredited neo-Malthusians, calling for "vigorous birth-control policies," as well as expanded soil conservation.

The combination of such specific judgments as these with the apostrophes with which Mr. Schlesinger ends his book intensify one's doubts as to what the group of which he is so articulate a spokesman has to offer at this historical juncture. "The Vital Center's" most suggestive pages seem to deal with the lack of conviction with which the business man has defended his interests in the course of modern history. Valid but less startling are the resemblances noted by the author between the totalitarianisms of the Right and of the Left. But it is when he tackles the present and future that Mr. Schlesinger is often least convincing.

E. S. S.

The Primitive. Feike Feikema. Doubleday. $3.50.

WHEN A WRITER whose previous work has received favorable critical attention announces a trilogy, he makes a kind of literary news. Whatever his own view of the matter, his publisher usually rushes in with claims of greatness. Messrs. Doubleday are rather modest on this occasion; the names of Fielding, Stendhal, and Tolstoy appear nowhere on the jacket. Fanfare is pretty much confined to an announcement of Mr. Feikema's "project." *The Primitive,* it appears, is the first of three volumes which together will be known as *World's Wanderer.* Each volume is called a "rume"; each will have these three parts: The Chancing, The Nexing, The Rending. The current volume begins with September 1930 and closes with the protagonist's graduation from college in 1934. The final volume, the publisher's note informs, will end with certain events of September 1945, "with a firm look at December 2, 1942 (Chicago), and at August 2, 1945 (Hiroshima)."

We may suppose that a firm look has been had at the years 1930-1934. The world scene appears dimly in the background here; and is appropriate enough, for the foreground is the self-absorbed world of college life. Thurs Wraldson, an orphan and physical giant who knows at first hand what Thomas Wolfe calls "the adventure of being very tall," attends a small evangelical college in Michigan. *The Primitive,* by the way, is not a novel sternly dedicated to eviscerating school life. The instructors at Christian College turn out to be human enough, somewhat pathetic, but noble too. If anything, Thurs and his creator idealize college life. At least they accept as things of the mind some of the dreariest of routine. We are told, not in terms of realism but through a tedious kind of actualism—a box-camera photography little given to light or shade—what courses Thurs took, what marks he got, who said what in the classroom and dining hall. Mr. Feikema's style is everywhere undistinguished, partly because he affects a Frisian spareness of phrase, partly because he tries to put in everything. Every time Thurs "giraffed" into class or "panthered" over to see his girl friend, we hear about it.

Even actualism is abandoned when Mr. Feikema gets to the literary scene. Thurs and his literary pals, it

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develops, are given to reading B. S. Idiom (author of *The Dumpyard*), Ida Sweet-Accent Ilay, Toreador Spinaway, i'm i'm comin', Don d'Peaceloss, Fitz Shot Hiswad, and Sindare Fearless (he of Eminent Gentry). This is pretty tawdry stuff for a novel touted as "a permanent part of our living literature." Passing over *The Love Song of J. Freddie Petticoat,* with its "excerpt" either a senseless parody or a cheap dodge from paying royalties, we find this from *The Dumpyard*:

> What is this rubbish stinking here? What poison leaves are these
> Climbing out of the garbage heaps? Son of a witch
> Hell me not, nor hazard guess, for you see only
> The broken bottles glinting in the sun,
> And the chalky bones without flesh, the maggots no meatball . . .

Not even good parody. The curious thing is, Thurs defends B. S. Idiom; the reader, apparently, is called upon for a brave bit of strabismus.

Despite his earnestness, it is not possible to take Mr. Feikema very seriously. Like Thurs, who condescendingly reads Aquinas on page 237 and then on page 431 admits he cannot follow him, he is confused. For coping with crude fundamentalism he arms Thurs with even cruder blasphemies, and he reports the most elementary bathos as clear thinking. His idea of "message" is to call in "the reporter-trained minds of our society." It all makes pretty thin intellectual, emotional, and stylistic equipment for Thurs's next chancing.

RILEY HUGHES.

Coast Calendar. Robert P. Tristam Coffin. Bobbs-Merrill. $3.75.

ONE OF THE pleasing characteristics of the State of Maine is the variety of guises it presents to the people who write about it, to both the Foreigners from Brooklyn and Chicago and to those whom such authors have frequently called Natives. These guises are deceptive but not false; the landscape and the inhabitants of Aroostook do differ from the farm land and farmers Back Country, and from the Coast and its people. So sudden are these differences that I know of marked changes within eight miles along the Coast. It may be, since I do not live near Mr. Coffin, that is why his book seems to be about a Never Never Land in which I can recognize as general Maine phenomena only the flora, the signs of the Zodiac, and a few of the fauna—mostly forms of water life. It may also be because his human characters are straight out of Joseph C. Lincoln's benign stock and the other fauna have long been the property of Thornton W. Burgess.

Mr. Coffin has tried to think of every reader: birds and bees for nature lovers, recipes for amateurs of regional cooking, boat-building for visionary whittlers, patterns in the snow made by men's urine for admirers of naturalism in literature, a dozen kinds of fish, birth, death, generations, weather, and even some lines by Shakespeare. He has accommodated every reader except the one who has some imagination and enjoys having it engaged. But who am I to say that his memory and

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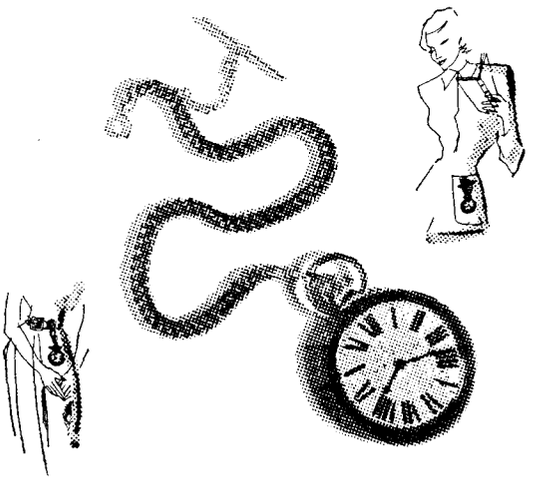

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desire have created a mythical Golden Age before lobstermen cleared a hundred dollars a week and bought electrical appliances for their over-worked wives? I live sixty miles farther Down East than Mr. Coffin where we have less snow and more fog, where the annual revolutions of sun and planets include occasional human lapses; drunkenness, fornication, incest, shiftlessness, law breaking, and plain cussedness, as well as human virtues and delights.

FLORENCE CODMAN.

A Little Sleep, A Little Slumber. Norman Katkov. Doubleday. $2.75.
No Matter What Happens. Max Miller. Dutton. $3.00.

NORMAN KATKOV, a young man who used to write sentimental "human interest" stories for the New York *World-Telegram,* has written for his second novel the sentimental history of a mid-western Jewish family.

When Lev Simon becomes ill and nears death his four sons, Joe, Hub, Marty and Hy, assemble at his bed. Their remembrances, in the form of flash-backs, bring about the recasting of the earlier times of Lev Simon, and they depict his progress from the state of a penniless alien who could not speak English to the position of a citizen who owned a fruit store, and who had four college-trained sons. The love of these four boys for their father, and the awareness of his great love for them is the quality which pervades this story.

Lev Simon entered America illegally; he rode across the Canadian border in a hay wagon after paying a bartender to arrange the trip. He worked in a slaughter house, sold bananas from a wagon, then from a truck. One time he sold boot-leg whiskey in order to get money for medicine. But at all times he worked for his sons. When his son Joe continued to use a single overhead bulb for reading in bed Lev obtained credit terms from the owner of a large department store and bought a three dollar lamp because he could not endure the child's resentment. When asked if he hadn't been afraid while talking to the store owner he replied, "Afraid? Of a *German* Jew afraid?"

Later, two of his sons became abashed at riding on orange crates in the back of a truck so Lev did extra work, collecting rags and papers, in order to buy two mohair seats. "Figure ap, have to do the best for my sons." All the sacrifices and the funny acts and the bravery of Lev in finally freeing himself from the brother-in-law who has bled him for money all his life are remembered by his boys as they wait for him to die.

All of the story's emotional moments are plausible, but naked and sentimentalized (not since the early Russian stories have male characters wept so quickly and so often as the Simon boys do). The dialogue, despite some wonderful intonations of the Jewish rhythm (without the Hyman Kaplan or Bella Gross accents), remains a transcription for the greater part and detracts from the total sense of reality. Further, the journalistic tendency toward realistic detail leads to an inclusion of unimportant incidents, and is responsible for more examples of the side-of-the-mouth style to which many fiction writers

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are addicted as a sign, apparently that they are regular guys even if they do write books.

But the book does give an impression of real people participating in real events, and the writer is concerned not merely with the effect that his characters will have on the readers, but also with the credibility of these people and the seriousness of their predicaments. Because of this, and because he knows intimately the things about which he writes, his book overrides the sentimentality and surpasses the usual run of popular novels.

★

MAX MILLER was also a newspaper man. His greatest writing success was *I Cover The Waterfront,* the first of his twenty books. This one recounts in a vague and rambling way some of the important moments in his life.

He went to Australia after graduation from college, was shot with an arrow as he began an attempt to cross an unexplored South Pacific isle and returned home with malaria and an Australian dress jacket. Later he had the water-front beat for the San Diego *Sun,* and acted as the aviation editor. On this last job he met a young aviator and did some publicity stories for him. The flyer was called "Slim" Lindbergh.

Miller wrote in Hollywood for six weeks, but refused to accept a return engagement. He served in the Navy during the war. And now, he is writing what he wants to write and being himself. GEORGE MILES.

The Wise One. Frank Conibear and J. L. Blundell. Illustrated by Michael Bevans. Sloane. $2.75.

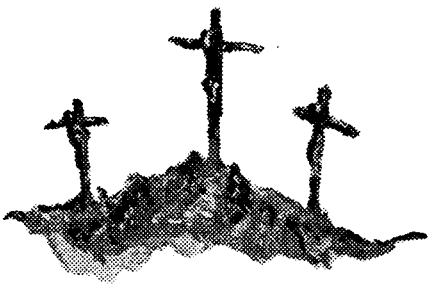
THIS IS THE story of the life of a beaver. Frank Conibear, who tells it in collaboration with J. L. Blundell, has for more than thirty years been a trapper and woodsman in the Canadian northwest, and it is obvious that his beaver-lore is extraordinary and enormous. Had this book been written simply and unaffectedly, it might have been a memorable animal-tale. Unhappily, Mr. Conibear (or perhaps Mr. Blundell; his role in the authorship is not clear) has chosen to recount the beaver's story with a pretentiousness and ornateness seldom found outside the *New Yorker's* "Rich, Beautiful Prose" department.

No sentence is written straightforwardly if it can be presented in inverted order for elegance. ("Came another day . . ." "Long now the leafy trees and shrubs flourished"). The prose falls into Hiawatha-cadences which seem to have deceived the publisher into thinking that the story is "beautifully told." (Indeed the publisher goes so far as to insist on the jacket that the story is told with *simplicity.*) In twenty-five chapters headed with quotations from Shakespeare, William Blake, the First Book of Kings and other impressive sources, the beaver's life (excellently done, mind you, as far as Mr. Conibear's facts go) is recited with a straining artiness that is distressing.

Along with this, to make it unendurable, go a disheartening slovenliness of grammar and awkwardness of

Night fell in the midst of day

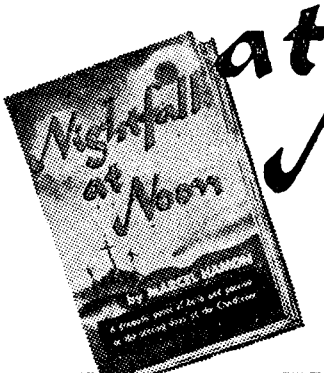
. . . and men's hearts trembled



. . . IT was an awful darkness that fell at midday as Christ suffered on the Cross. But in the nightfall at noon many obscure forebodings became clear. For the first time, Malchus, whose ear had been cut off by Simon Peter and miraculously restored by Christ, understood the nature of his dying father's command. As his ear throbbed to the beating of Our Lord's heart, Malchus knew that love would always conquer death. And he saw his love for Lucia, beautiful disciple of the wonder Rabbi, in a new and radiant light.

In NIGHTFALL AT NOON, Marcel Hamon's reverent and beautiful writing brings you right into the times of Jesus . . . you live with the people of His day. You hear about the wonder Rabbi as they heard of Him. You are a witness when Christ is betrayed and seized, you shudder as the awful darkness descends when He is crucified. Compared by European critics to *Quo Vadis,* NIGHTFALL AT NOON is the most deeply stirring retelling of the world's greatest story yet to reach the American reader.

Nightfall at Noon



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Next Week

ARGENTINE PICTURE, by Charles Henry Lee tells exactly how the Peron régime came to power and how it operates today. One striking phenomenon is the Peron Foundation, a cleverly disguised political machine which expends the public funds and private contributions it has exacted for packages of good things for the needy stamped "Peron and Evita" . . .

MR. MAUGHAM AWAITS THE FERRYMAN, by Walter O'Hearn, who at one apposite point quotes the ageing British writer "I am ready to embark at a moment's notice. I leave the sites of the city unvisited. I do not want to see the fine new speedway along which I shall never drive, nor the grand new theatre, with all its modern appliances in which I shall never sit . . . "

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statement. Characteristically:

"Each of the six lodges told a tale, each was of different age, the age being evident from the condition of the sticks, bleached to a different degree in all."

"Time was when each of these . . . lodges, now mere piles of mud and bleaching sticks, had been the homes of happy families."

"Having satisfied his hunger, drowsiness descended . . ."

"The Young Black Beaver, born into a tribe in which unity was the mainspring of existence, heeded not the seasonal infelicities in the lives of such of his neighbors as he passed by the way."

"Something there was that had not been there before."

If this review seems written with asperity, it is because it is a shocking disappointment to find good, honest, interesting material spoiled by such treatment as this.

ARTHUR F. WAKEFIELD.

Karamojo Safari. W. D. M. Bell. Harcourt, Brace. $3.75

ELEPHANT HUNTING is a sport we seldom hear of nowadays. Mr. Bell, who has probably had more experience than any other hunter, gives an interesting picture of a life lived in devotion to this pursuit.

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